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MADRAS WAR REVIEW

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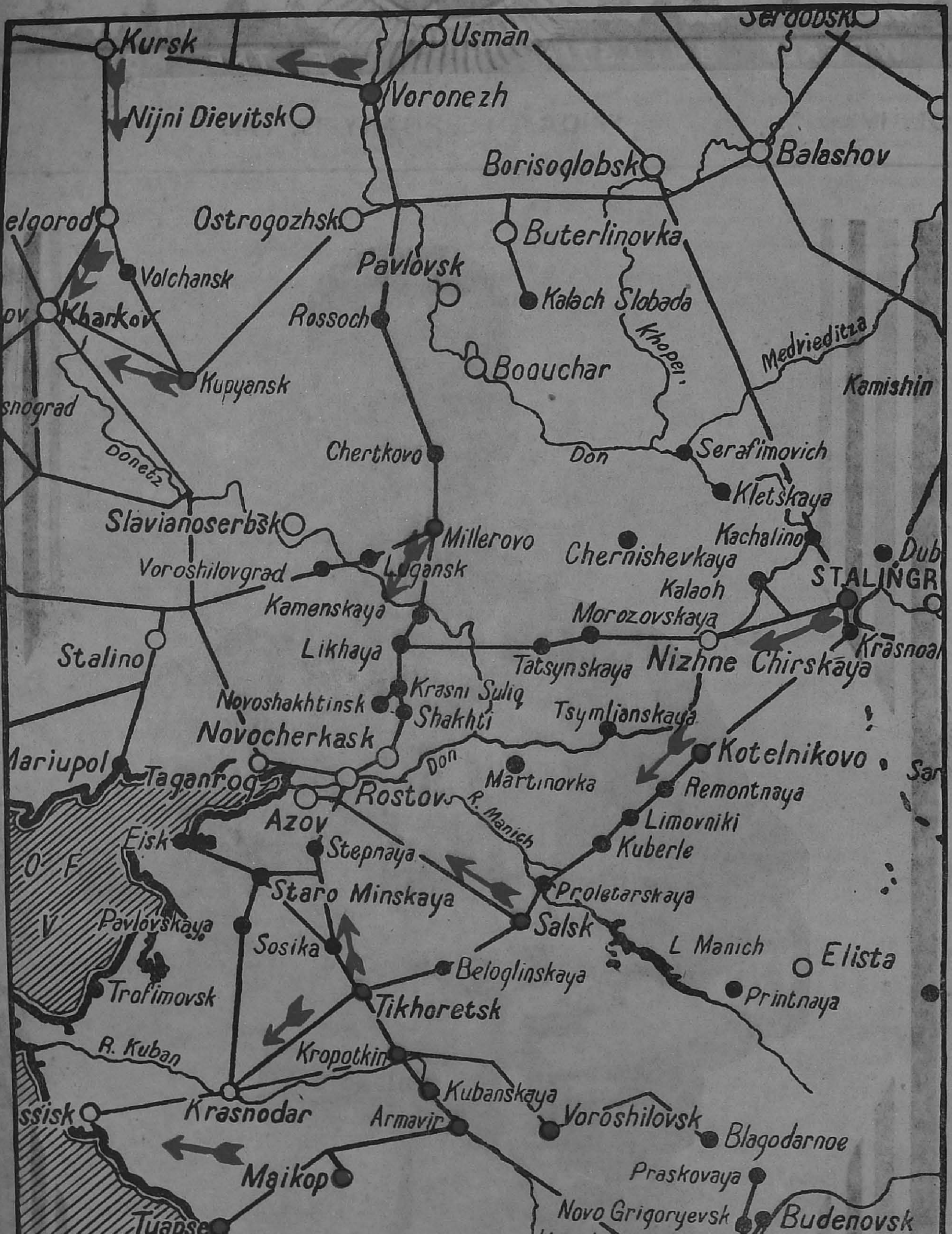
The Happy Warrior

The Red Army's Advance



Since the above map was drawn, the Red Army has captured Rostov, Kharkov and other important places

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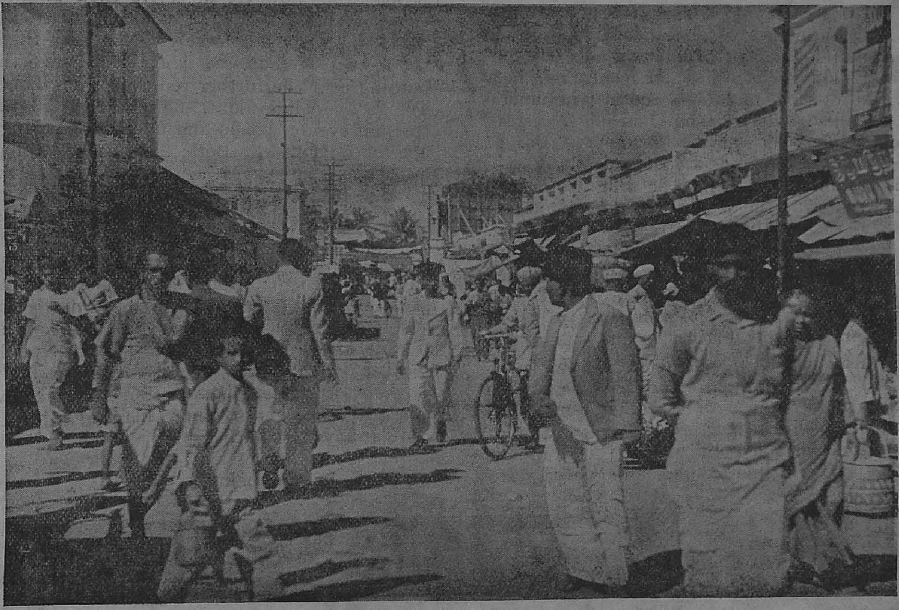


Introduction to South India

WHEN first you see an important street in a South Indian city, you are struck not by the resemblance it bears to a street in London or Birmingham, but by the strangeness of it all. If that strangeness is attractive to you and contains a pleasing element of mystery, well and good. But it may not. It may be bewildering, and the only way to get rid of the feeling of bewilderment is to get to know the human background.

It is easy enough in England to speak of 'the man in the street' and to be understood to refer to the ordinary man with ordinary habits and normal tastes. That is not so easy in India. Classes here are more numerous than they are in England, and certain 'caste' differences, reaching back many centuries, persist and complicate the social picture.

Look at your crowded street in any part of the Madras Presidency. The first thing that you will notice is that there are staggering differences of wealth or of poverty, and that the great majority of the people are poor. They use cars only very occasionally, jutkas often, carriages sometimes and their legs usually. Your South Indian city-dweller is anything from a high government official or advocate to a 'coolie'. And in between these is an infinite gradation of doctors, merchants, professors, students, brokers, and clerks.

Are South Indians educated? The coolie is not. The clerk is moderately well educated in most cases, and is sometimes very highly educated. South Indian doctors are respected for their undoubted skill and energy. The South Indian lawyer is notoriously subtle and

can always be counted on to see two steps ahead of everybody else. The clerk sometimes knows everything about his own job and a good deal about everybody else's job. Professors and students are a class apart, and a class of absorbing interest. In South India scholarship is of a high standard and the dignity of letters and science is an undisputed fact. In Madras the University is a centre of first-rate importance and has the prestige and the self-contained life of its opposite in an English University town.

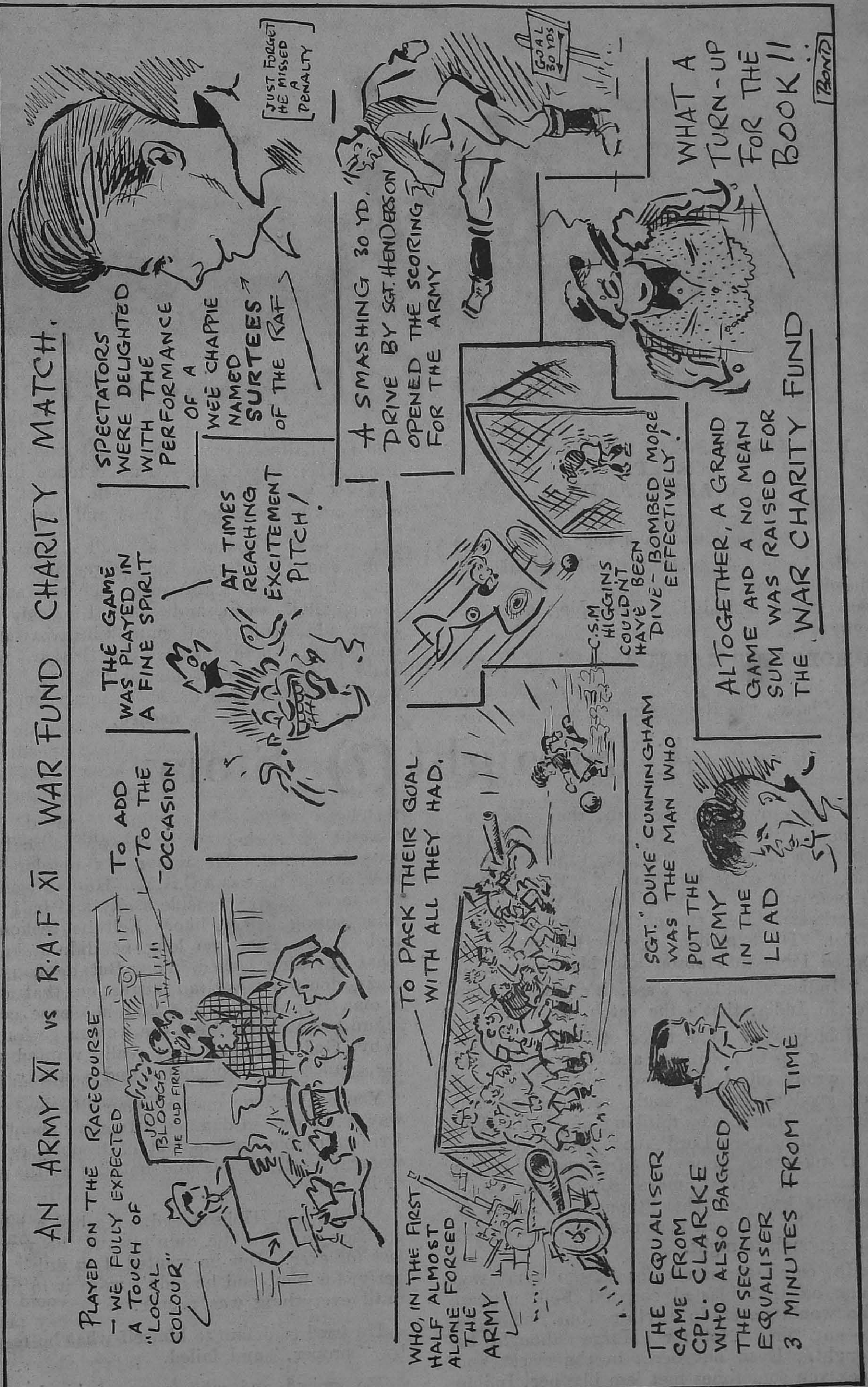
CASTE DIFFERENCES

What is caste and where does it enter into the social picture? The great mass of the inhabitants of a South Indian city are Hindus, and Hindu society has for centuries, been divided into four big orders and into innumerable smaller orders. The four big 'castes' ('caste' derived from the Portuguese 'Casta' meaning race or kind) are the priestly caste—the Brahman, the ruling or military caste—the Kshatriya, the trading or artisan class—the Vaisya and the menial class—the Sudras. These four castes have been said to be distinguished by their colour, viz., Brahman, white; Kshatriya, red; Vaisya, yellow or turmeric colour; Sudra, black. Within each of these orders are innumerable castes and sub-castes.

How important is caste in South India to-day? Still quite important enough to justify the existence of Brahman and Non-Brahman political parties and keen animosities in social and political life. A Brahman clerk may be of humble economic status. He may not earn more than Rs. 50 a month, but if he be orthodox, which he often is, he will 'feel' superior to a Non-Brahman Government official earning Rs. 1,000 a month. Caste is on the decline because of the terrific onslaught of economic change and of modern industrializing forces. But caste in South India will die hard.

LANGUAGE DIFFICULTIES

One more factor of interest and some practical importance to you—the languages of South India. You are fortunate in being with people who, however defective their English, can yet speak it fluently and in some cases read, and write it tolerably well. And this is the more to be admired when you realize that nothing could be further removed from Tamil, Telugu and Malayalam, their mother tongues, than an evenly spoken and unemotional language like English. Both Tamil and Telugu are gesture languages, with a rich idiom and a richer intonation. Spoken with relish, there is little to beat them for expressiveness. They resemble French more closely, perhaps, than any other European language. The mind of the educated Tamilian is as quick as his speech. He is always responsive to new ideas, has quick and skilful turns of phrase, is an able debater and frequently a powerful public speaker. He cannot be judged on his faulty English for his English is often faulty. Give him his head, get to know his language and him, and you will find him as rich in ideas as he is in expression, an intelligent and attractive human being.


AN ARMY XI vs R.A.F XI WAR FUND CHARITY MATCH.
PLAYED ON THE RACECOURSE — WE FULLY EXPECTED A TOUCH OF "LOCAL COLOUR"
JOE BLOGGS THE OLD FIRM
TO ADD TO THE OCCASION
THE GAME WAS PLAYED IN A FINE SPIRIT
AT TIMES REACHING EXCITEMENT PITCH!
SPECTATORS WERE DELIGHTED WITH THE PERFORMANCE OF A WEE CHAPPIE NAMED SURTEES OF THE RAF
JUST FORGET HE MISSED A PENALTY
WHO, IN THE FIRST HALF ALMOST ALONE FORCED THE ARMY
TO PACK THEIR GOAL WITH ALL THEY HAD.
C.S.M. HIGGINS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN DIVE-BOMBED MORE EFFECTIVELY!
A SMASHING 30 YD. DRIVE BY SGT. HENDERSON OPENED THE SCORING FOR THE ARMY
GOAL 30 YDS
THE EQUALISER CAME FROM CPL. CLARKE WHO ALSO BAGGED THE SECOND EQUALISER 3 MINUTES FROM TIME
SGT. 'DUKE' CUNNINGHAM WAS THE MAN WHO PUT THE ARMY IN THE LEAD
ALTOGETHER, A GRAND GAME AND A NO MEAN SUM WAS RAISED FOR THE WAR CHARITY FUND
WHAT A TURN-UP FOR THE BOOK!!
BOND

PEACETIME SOCCER STARS GIVE R.A.F. NO ADVANTAGE.

(*Continued from page* 8)

Henderson, Army centre half, put his side ahead in a swoop on the Royal Air Force goal that never looked like developing and suddenly did.

A HOPELESS GAGGLE

No one worked harder in front of goal than Cpl. Clarke, the Royal Air Force outside left, and he finally got his reward, not long before time, when he ran the Army defence into a hopeless gaggle and scored with a shot that came out of a tangle of arms and legs.

In review it might be as well if both the Army and the Royal Air Force pay some more attention to team work. There was too much individualism, and while the Royal Air Force admittedly need some taller forwards, one felt that both arms of the British forces could have produced something better in the way of a match from the spectators viewpoint. A little more drive is needed.

A Straight (?) Story

IN the crowded dance hall, the band was doing things to "Indian Summer." It had been someone's favourite tune at home, and, having come through India they wanted to hear what it sounded like in the light of experience. Fell thought it sounded pretty awful. He explained it over the wet glass topped table to Hobson and Marjorie.

"Indian Summer, y'see, it's always summer in India, that's the catch, see?".

Nobody saw. The three of them had been working up to a climax, and a poor joke had the wrong effect. Hobson, big, dark, and not good at talking could see nothing but Marge. Marge was thinking of Fell. Fell was drunk, the Lord knew what he saw. "Drink—gets more confessions than a priest—and gives more consolation too," someone had said that, thought Hobson, or may be he had read it somewhere, but it was true enough to-night.

He cared so much for Marge who was stuck on that blasted corporal Fell, a man who would never do anything but one thing for any girl. Not for Marge though, he thought. Even out here, in the sweat and muck you sometimes met 'em like her, Indian Summer, she looked like spring.

Hobson guffawed into his beer at the thought of Spring, with the sweat soaking his collar band. He was not a regular like Fell, though he was a C.S.M. He had worked at a model factory outside a city and he knew what spring looked like. Fell he reckoned, had been East so long he didn't know what anything looked like. But he had the crazy don't-care-a-damn attraction that only a man who had no ties and no sense could afford to have. And did the women go for it! Why, God knew, all they really wanted was the chance of a good home and a steady job.

You couldn't go mad all your life, and any way what was so damned attractive about it? Drink, trouble, getting out of trouble, drink, women, heat, trouble and nothing at the end of it.

But he had, Hobson had. He had a job to go back to. No, he didn't want the war to last for ever. But he wanted it to finish properly, for him, and he didn't want it to finish until everything was proper.

He tried to define to himself what he meant by "proper," and failed.

He smiled and spilt some of his beer as he drank.

Marjorie was an evacuee from somewhere. It sort of depended who she was with—where she was from. If it had been the last war she would have been a Russian princess, or countess, but the racket didn't go any more. Anyway all the titles were in the ranks, and you never got anything out of the ranks,—except Fell.

The two men were for her, and with a peculiar lack of judgment she set down Hobson as drunk, and Fell almost sober. She didn't know Hobson had thoughts. All she knew was that he was stuck on her, and was too quiet, and big, and wouldn't let go easily. If it hadn't been for all " this " she might have liked him.

But Fell, he was always on top of the world. He had a face like that, and his eyes were so blue that you looked at them twice, and then didn't believe it. It would be life with Fell, and he had prospects.

" The Liar " she thought, but she didn't want to think that, and to-night he'd sure to make it definite.

" Let's dance " she told him. She thought that if she danced with him, somehow it might help to clinch matters. She switched on all the personality she could, and Fell steered her into the middle of the floor. They had made a third circuit, and she was congratulating herself when she noticed that Hobson was standing, and talking to a cop. As she watched she saw that he pointed her out to the redcap, then turned and disappeared in the crowd.

The band left " Indian Summer " and went into something South American. In South America apparently all the instruments in a band don't necessarily have to play together. It was easier for the band, but hotter for the dancers.

" Let's sit honey " suggested Fell, and Marjorie let him lead her off the floor. She was uneasy, though at any other time this might have meant an invitation outside. They walked holding hands, Fell steadying himself with a painful pressure on her fingers.

The Redcap was waiting. " You corporal Fell " he accused.

" Yes " said Fell, " so what ".

" There's a company sergeant major outside, name of Hobson. He wants you, it's urgent."

Fell was puzzled, was even about to argue, then with a muttered invective changed his mind and pushed through the throng.

He turned to wave to Marge.

" Don't let the red get in your eye " he called.

The cop stayed to look at Marge, and Marge pretended he wasn't. " Be off at eleven, see you then if the boy friend isn't back " he said, as he moved heavily away.

Hobson was waiting for Fell: " Come on it's a job " he wrenched at Fell's arm " Back to the lines, there's a truck here for us."

" Hi, what's the game, what job—."

" Come on you bloody fool, d'you think I'd pick you if there was any one else, anyway it was the Captain's orders, he said you—come on."

There was enough fear and excitement in Hobson's voice to carry Fell along, and the truck had taken one sickening corner before he thought of Marjorie.

He laughted at that. Didn't he have the luck. What a let off. And a night raid: he'd do well, he was getting somewhere. He began to sing.

The landings went all right. The mortars were the trouble as usual. They had to be carried, there was nothing else for it. Fell led the way, and although he was only supposed to lay the position he did the job thoroughly, and helped with the carry.

Cursing, under machine gun fire which seemed to be aimed right at them and yet couldn't be, the team got the guns in the hollow and Fell laid them. The third bomb hit some sort of a signal box arrangement, a wooden affair, and planks shot into the air. It was the first time that Fell had fired his guns and got such a good view of the show. He watched the advance, switched right and left as he saw the boys were held, and it was marvellous work. The base plates gripped well, and the error was then on training.

An anti-personnel burst somewhere on Fell's left. It turned him clean over, and flung him from his Observation Post into the gun position. His hand hit the hot barrel. One man was out for good and Fell took his place. Now he had to help with the gun, run up the O.P., have a look see, and dodge back. It was hell work and getting hotter. The bastards seemed to have got a bead on them. Naturally they would, hadn't he been giving to them. They were only doing what he would have done himself.

A burst came in enfilade, crossed the dip where they were, and that about finished it.

Fell went down with the rest of them. He knew it was his leg, but there was something else too. He began to cough.

The fire slackened and became intermittent.

It was obvious to the wounded man that his crowd was taking off. He looked over his team. They had been kneeling at the job of course, and the burst had come head high to them, and knee high to him.

That gun must have had a hell of a beaten zone. Funny what you think. The barrel must've been worn. " Yes " Fell told himself

seriously, " the barrel of that M.G. must've been worn like hell, couldn't have hit him else." He felt a sudden rage against the enemy gunner for not looking after his weapon better.

The company was passing them, getting out. Somebody was trying to pick him up, but he screamed with pain.

" Can't do anything with this one " said a platoon corporal to Hobson.

Hobson, blood across his face looked down at Fell. " He'll have to put up with it " he answered, slung him in a fireman's lift, and ran for the beach.

Fell screamed all the way to the landing boat, and Hobson thought that every damn rifle and gun in the place must have come down on them. But nothing happened and he got Fell into the boat.

There was none of that cigarette smoking, and Fell clung to Hobson as they sat on the wet, slippery floor, the floor where not so long ago they had crouched ready for the take off. Fell wanted to talk.

" Never knew him when he didn't " thought Hobson. But Fell was talking about Marjorie.

" It'll be a suck in for Marge " he said. " It would've been anyhow. She was all steamed up for the proposal to-night, but it wasn't coming off. Not me. Marry? I'd had what I wanted off Marge. You want to get stuck on her Hobby." He tried to grin into Hobson's face. " She's one of the worse, and everyone knows how you feel about her. I never meant it that way anyhow."

Hobson held Fell tighter and the wounded man yelled. He yelled so that he forgot about Marge, and how Hobson could have her, even forgot the pity of himself, the pity that he was done for and wouldn't dance again, may be wouldn't do anything again. He just yelled because it hurt, hurt in a tearing agony he didn't know could exist.

So he just opened his mouth and shouted to God Almighty to drown the pain.

Hobson tried to hold the man's arms still. He couldn't.

The blood came out of Fell's wide open mouth like a stream, ran down the front of his shirt, and on to Hobson's arm. Fell gave up shouting.

They did not go straight back. They stayed put and rested a day or two and the intelligence people went through them, though heaven knew it seemed to be little that anyone could tell.

Hobson, being senior, and recommended, went hospital visiting.

He met her in the little park in the hospital gates. Marjorie was going to do her morning war effort. They ray of sunshine for our poor brave boys.

And Fell had had her.

As they neared, Hobson was almost sure she was going to cut him. But she wavered, then faced him. She was in one temper.

" I hadn't meant to speak to you at all " she burst out " Even if I wanted I couldn't tell you what I think of you. You must think you're clever in some way, and you know Harry and I were going to be engaged that night. You knew "—Hobson thought she was going to spit at him, and tried to imagine what was coming.

" You invented some special duty, I know you did. I suppose you think you can keep him on it for ever."

Hobson saw she was nearly mad, he saw what was the matter now all right.

She just had to have Fell.

Well she couldn't.

" Yes " he said, and didn't recognize his voice " Yes, Fell will be on that duty for ever."

FIFTH COLUMN MONKEYS IN CEYLON!

Two playful monkeys of Ceylon who followed British signallers as they laid telephone cable, set up great excitement in German intelligence circles.

The monkeys thought the signaller had devised a new game for them, swung on the wire, which snapped.

All the Army in Ceylon enjoyed the signallers' rage, and the Germans heard the story.

Berlin Radio loudly commended the work of the splendid Fifth Column in Ceylon!

ONAM FESTIVAL

The Feasts of Kerala

KERALA, the land of the cocoanut palms, is the name given to Travancore, Cochin and British Malabar on the south-west coast of India. It is the home of the Malayalees, Malayalam in the language of the country meaning—' The Land of Hills '.

Generally hot and sticky, Kerala nevertheless has rarely failed to attract lovers of beauty. One is never far from the sea, and one lives among hills. The effect of ' the two voices ' on the natives of Kerala is to make them a sort of Indian version of the Welsh, steeped in legendry, with a turn for the eerie and with that wholesome gift of naiveté, doubly wholesome in war-time of flinging themselves heart and soul, into the spirit of their national festivals.

The chief of these are Vishu, Onam and Thiruvathira.

Vishu falls in April, is the first day of the first Malayalam month " Medam." It is the Malayalee Divali, the feast of lights and crackers. On the eve of the feast, rice and fruits, a bell-metal looking-glass, gold ornaments, a gold bordered mundu and flowers of the Konka tree are placed before the picture of Mahalakshmi as Vishu-kani. Lamps are kept burning through the night. Early in the morning the eldest member of the house sees the Kani first. He leads the others in, their eyes tightly shut. Small gifts of money are made to children and servants. Crackers go off at all hours and the house rings with merriment. Tenants come in with offerings to the master of the house. By midday—the feast is over . . . and Kerala returns to its fields and palms.

HARVEST FESTIVAL

Onam, the harvest festival, occurs in September or sometimes late in August. Legend says that in the golden age of Mahabali, the Gods angered by the worship paid the king by his people, descended upon him and destroyed him. Vishnu, in his incarnation as Vamana, appeared before Mahabali, as a most beautiful boy. Enchanted by his youthful loveliness, Mahabali asked the boy to name his wish, and it would be granted. Vamana is said to have asked for just three feet of earth, a request gladly granted by the King. Then to Mahabali's amazement, Vamana assumed the proportions of a monster and his three feet of earth covered more than the whole extent of the kingdom. The deficiency was made up by the God's placing his foot on Mahabali's head and crushing him down to the nether world. But the story does not end there. Mahabali's people wept for their king, and the Gods in pity or justice, or fear at the clamour of mortals permitted him to return to earth once a year. Mahabali's return is earth's season of prosperity.

On the day of the feast, children go out to gather flowers for the front of the house. Intricate patterns in flour are traced on the floor. Clay figures of Mahabali are made and honoured, and all goes happy as a marriage bell. Bananas, symbol of plenty, appear in profusion. There are games and folk-songs and country dances. The feast is not restricted to the Hindu population. Malayalee Christians and Muslims join in with great glee.

FEAST OF THE INDIAN CUPID

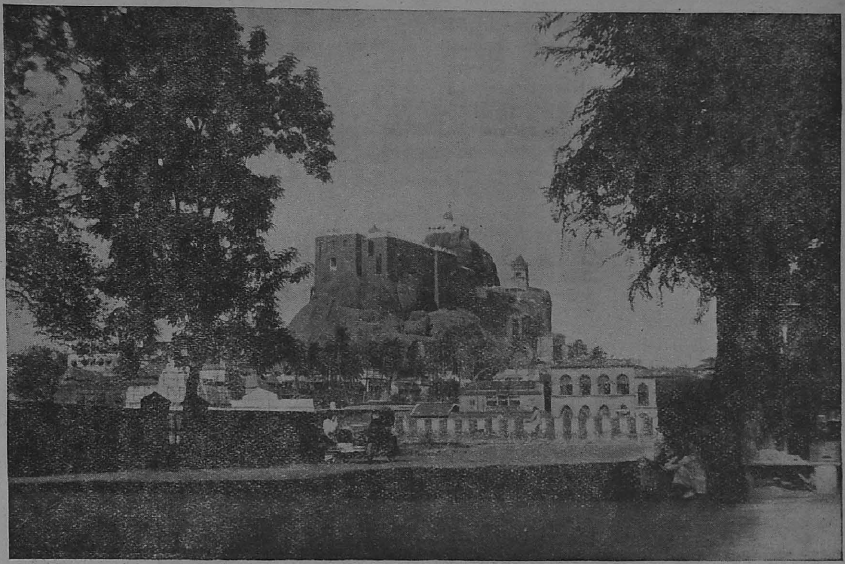
Thiruvathira is celebrated in the month of Dhanu, between December and January, and is the feast of the common people. According to Malayalee belief, Kamadeva, the Indian Cupid, shrivelled into nothing when the God Siva, disturbed from his ' tapasya ', fixed his terrible third eye on the God of Love. On Thiruvathira, Malayalee women mourn the death of Kamadeva. They rise early, go to the tank and bathe. There, they sing the Love God's dirge, and then take their turns at the swing, swinging higher and higher to dizzy heights. The rest of the day is spent in merriment in which, presumably, Kamadeva's death is forgotten with a capriciousness that, perhaps, only he would rightly understand.

AMERICANS SAID—

They fought against overwhelming odds ;
They wiped out masses of Japs and Burmans ;
They killed until killing sickened them ;
They fought through the night, and through the dawn ;
They fought till their boots fell off ;
They fought with deathless gallantry ;
They gave their lives freely, yet exacted a grim price ;

—They were the men of the Cameronians, the Duke of Wellingtons, the West Yorks, the Essex Yeomanry, the Gloucesters, the Royal Inskillings.

—Tribute by American Newspaper, *Portland Oregonian.*



"A HUGE ROCK RISES ABRUPTLY FROM THE PLAINS"—Rock Fort, Trichinopoly, centre of several bloody battles between the French and the British.

Places worth a visit

THE old sweat who had spent heaven knows how many years in India, and had absolutely nothing to show for it, was the most pathetic sight in the Regimental depots at home at the beginning of the war. He used to talk about "Rooti" and "Char" and be very mysterious and superior about the wonderful experience he had in India, but when the whole thing was boiled down, all he knew about India, apart from regimental musings was that it was very hot, and that Rasmak was a hell of a place.

India has plenty to show the Britisher, free, plenty of sights to broaden the mind, increase knowledge, and help a man when he gets home, to be something more than just another soldier.

The very sight of some of these almost incredible buildings should start some spark of more than passing interest. The least that one can say about them is that they show where many decorators of the interiors of super cinemas at home got their ideas, but a little serious attention repays itself a hundred-fold.

A HISTORIC TOWN

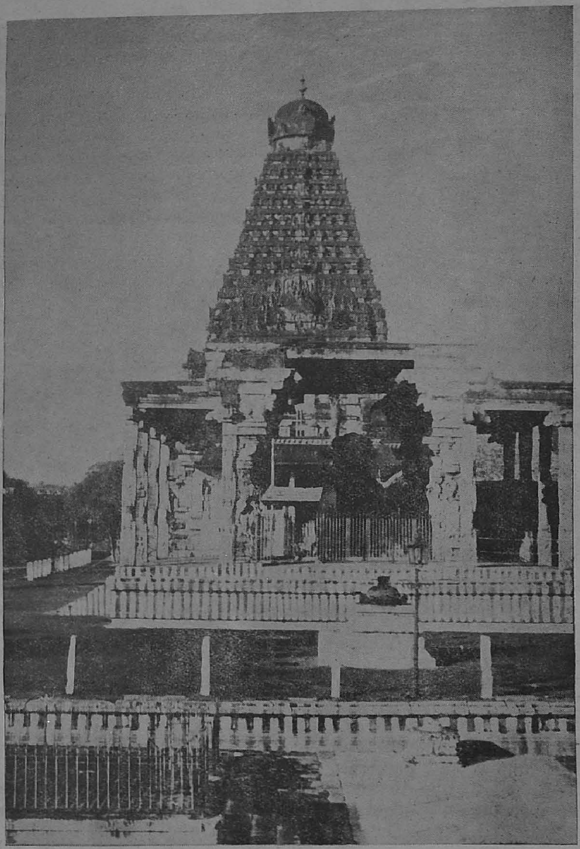
Trichinopoly is an excellent place for a beginning. There has been very little war in Southern India that has not affected this historic town, and the fort on that huge rock that rises abruptly from the plain was the centre of several bloody battles between French and British. Clive, Lawrence, Dupleix, Tippu Sultan and Hyder Ali—all organized their armies around it in either attack or defence at one time or another. Great flights of steps lead to the top of the rock where the grim square fort stands below a very lovely temple.

Only 31 miles from Trichinopoly, a bus ride, is Tanjore, the seat of two Hindu dynasties. Tanjore was the centre of an accomplished and flourishing civilization at the time when Elizabeth's licensed pirates were chasing the Spanish Armada up the Channel.

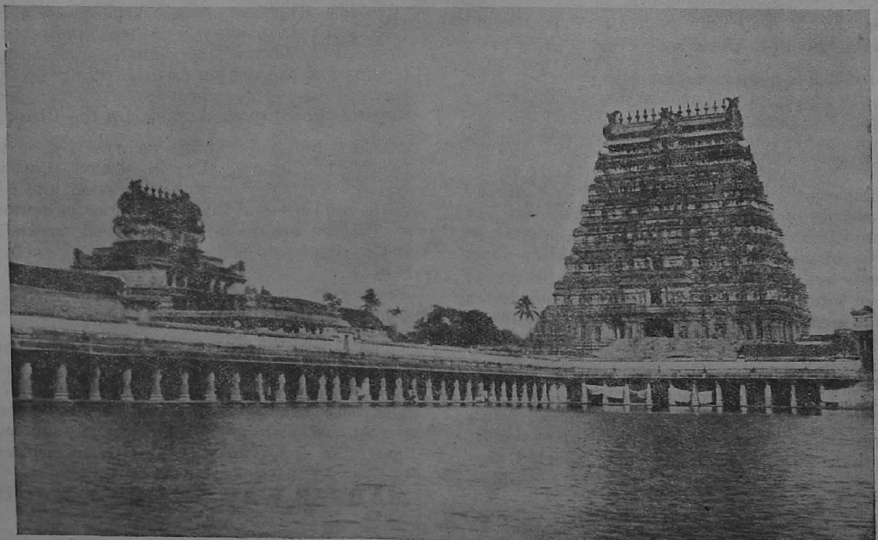
Like the majority of peoples before the twentieth century, the inhabitants of the country put their artistic expression into religious buildings and the carvings on the temples in Tanjore are some of the finest in India, and a vigorous change from anything seen in Europe.

A 12TH-CENTURY MARVEL

The Great Temple, which was built about the time that William the Conqueror was settling down in England, was conceived and constructed as a whole, and not piecemeal, so that it displays purely the design and thought of the Indian of the twelfth century.



"CARVINGS ON THE TEMPLE IN TANJORE ARE SOME OF THE FINEST IN INDIA"—A view of the Great Temple. The stone sculpture of the Sacred Bull can be seen between the mainpillars.



"THE GREEKS AND ROMANS KNEW MADURA"—A view of the Temple and tank.

Its tower, which is 216 feet high is crowned with one eighty ton block of granite. To get it there the builders made a sloping road four miles long, and pushed it up! The stone sculpture of the sacred bull is in this temple, and the building is still used for religious ceremonies. The people worship there now, in the same way that they did when it was first built nearly a thousand years ago.

A BEWILDERING PHANTASY

South of Trichinopoly, a little over a hundred miles is Madura. In Madura Indians were attending a celebrated college in the year 200, during the time when the Romans were building their roads in Britain and the local inhabitants favoured a blue dye smeared over the body as the height of fashion for the season. It was more or less the Oxford of Southern India until the eighth century. The Greeks and Romans knew Madura, the details of their connection with the city which was then an Empire's metropolis are lost, but they certainly engaged in trade there, for many of their copper coins have been found. The temples and palaces of Madura are very different in style from Tanjore, even more ornate, and built with great rectangular towers which are covered with a bewildering phantasy of carving. An enthusiastic photographer can have the time of his life at Madura, and take away proof of the tales he will have to tell.

In Mysore city itself, the capital of one of India's most important states, there is enough interest and amusement to filll a whole leave. Returning to the subject of temples, a subject that should never prove boring in India, Mysore provides the ultimate answer, in the Hoysala temples. Haider Ali Khan and Tippu Sultan are names which dominate modern history of Mysore. Father and son, great villains both of them, but no greater than many in Europe today, they extended the boundaries of the Kingdom in all directions, and there were four Mysore wars with the British, Tippu Sultan playing the leading role.

Before firearms became quite too popular in the war effort the Indian had a far greater range of killing weapons than the European, who usually stuck to the sword, shield, bow and arrow and an odd battle axe. In the palace armoury in Tanjore is a grand collection of curious swords, sticking knives, knives that open like a pair of scissors and inflict a wound which used to make an enemy think twice before he came again. There too are the golden trappings and ornaments that decorated the state elephants of the Raja when he rode abroad.

Making the Best of it

[This is a British soldier's own story of how he spends his time in India, and it displays a common-sense attitude which has been far too absent in the majority of cases. He has been lucky in that he has had two changes of station, and naturally of area but he has no money of his own and yet manages to keep his interest alive wherever he finds himself.]

A few years ago many of us would have welcomed the chance of foreign travel. To-day we find ourselves—not on a conducted pleasure tour—but engaged in a bitter struggle. A few years ago many of us never ventured further than Brighton Pier, at the most we took a day's trip across the Channel. Now we find ourselves many thousands of miles away from our homes, and faced with a stay, not of days and weeks, but of months and years.

How can we make the best of our spare time. Many of us are trying to 'carry on' the routine of our English life; our spare time is being spent in a tramp from barracks to bar and from bar to cinema. Are we making the best of our opportunities?

How much you get out of India depends largely on your outlook. During my two years stay in India I have tried to come to a sympathetic understanding with India and the Indian. I have genuinely tried to treat the Indian as I would his English equivalent. Giving courtesy I have never received discourtesy in return.

A GLORIOUS SAGA

The purchase of an elementary book on Indian History (these can always be purchased cheaply in the bazaar) will unfold a glorious saga stretching over five thousand years. How many realize that over fifty centuries ago a great civilization flourished in the Indus Valley. The book would speak also of the origin of Hinduism, of the rise and fall of Buddhism, of the coming of the Moslems and the foundation of the British Empire in India.

An elementary book on Indian geography should also be purchased. This book would speak of India's great population, what it does, how it is fed, it would speak of the monsoons, of the irrigation systems.

Equipped with a general background I would turn to local history and activity. If I were in Poona I would read something of the Marathas. Poona was the centre of the Maratha power and the Marathas at one time ruled most of India. If I were in Bangalore I would purchase a little book called "Mysore" by Narayan, which would introduce me to a brief local history and outline the

various places of interest in the State of Mysore.

Language will always remain a difficult barrier between us and the Indian. You may have read of the hundreds of Indian languages. Many of these languages are spoken by a very few people. It is estimated that over two-thirds of the Indian people speak a form of Hindustani, although in many cases they speak Hindustani in addition to their local language. In South India, where Hindustani is not so widely used, there are four main languages. Throughout most of Northern, Eastern and Central India it is possible to get along with Hindustani. The best plan is to make an effort to speak at least some simple Hindustani, and as for the other languages learn a little as necessity demands. You will find that the slightest smattering of Hindustani will make a great difference.

HOW TO GET ABOUT

Now we come to the question of how to get about. For small distances the best way is to hire a dependable bicycle or walk. For longer distances the only practical way is to travel by train or by country bus. If you travel by train you can get a soldier's concession ticket. In many places the only way of getting about is by country bus. There is nothing to be afraid of in the country bus (although it is much more pleasant to travel in front, and you can always do this by prior arrangement with the bus company). I have travelled many hundreds of miles in country buses, and cramped as they are, they are an excellent way of seeing Indian life at first hand. Most of the drivers speak Hindustani.

When I was in Poona, I often left the station in the early morning by the Bombay train, and reached Khandala at the summit of the Bhor Ghat. From Khandala I have rambled through miles of the beautiful mountain country of the Western Ghats. Nearby is Lonavla, which is a good jumping off point for a walk to the Karli Caves (Buddhist), some six miles to the north-east. Six miles due south is the Maratha strong fortress of Lohagad, which was garrisoned by British troops until 1846.

Whilst I have been in Bangalore, I have often gone out to Nandidrug. This fortress lies some forty miles north of Bangalore. The best way to get there, is to leave the Bangalore City Station early in the morning by the Chik Ballapur train, and alight at Nandi. From Nandi you walk and climb to the top of Nandidrug. This fortress was built by Tippu Sultan, and was very strong in its day. From the walls at the top it is possible to enjoy a beautiful view. Mysore is within easy reach of Bangalore, and from Mysore you can get to Krishnarajasagara Dam, or to the ruins of Seringapatam, where the power of Tippu Sultan was finally broken. A pleasant day can be spent in Mysore itself, and from the top of Chamundi Hill, south of the city, you can command a complete view of Mysore City.

THE REAL INDIA

I have suggested some ways of seeing something of interest. But the travelling is half the fun. In the train and in the bus it is always possible to learn a great deal by conversation, especially if you know enough about India to hold your own intelligently, and are prepared to learn more. I have always found fellow travellers unreserved and willing to embark on conversation. Passing through the villages you will see the real India, and you will begin to appreciate the patient tilling and weeding, and the irrigation methods.

When I leave India, I hope to do so without recalling lost opportunities of seeing a country which holds a fifth of the world's population, a country which I shall probably never see again. I hope to leave with a deeper understanding of a country which promises to play a more and more important part in the world of to-morrow, for which we are struggling to-day.

Soldiers, Use Your Cameras!

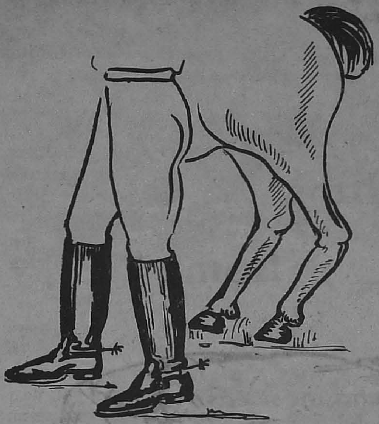
Photographs taken by soldiers on active service may now be published in newspapers, provided they receive the approval of the military censorship.

The use of cameras in theatres of active operations will be under the control of an Officer-in-charge of photography.

Under a similar arrangement men of the Royal Navy have taken pictures which have provided the public with a graphic record of the war at sea.

The new order is provisional, and will remain in force for three months. The number of cameras permitted to be taken into operational areas will be confined to two per unit.

LEGWEAR

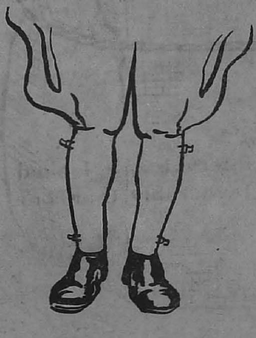


The officer who rides and shoots
The Cavalry—in fact—wear boots
Slim cylinders of polished hide
Which hide the spindle shanks inside.

◆◆◆

The Gurkhas with their massive calves
Disdain to do the thing by halves
They go the whole Hog, calf, or cow
In either leg a hide allow
Their Dictatorial boots, they tell us,
Make Rome & Berchtesgarden jealous.

◆◆◆



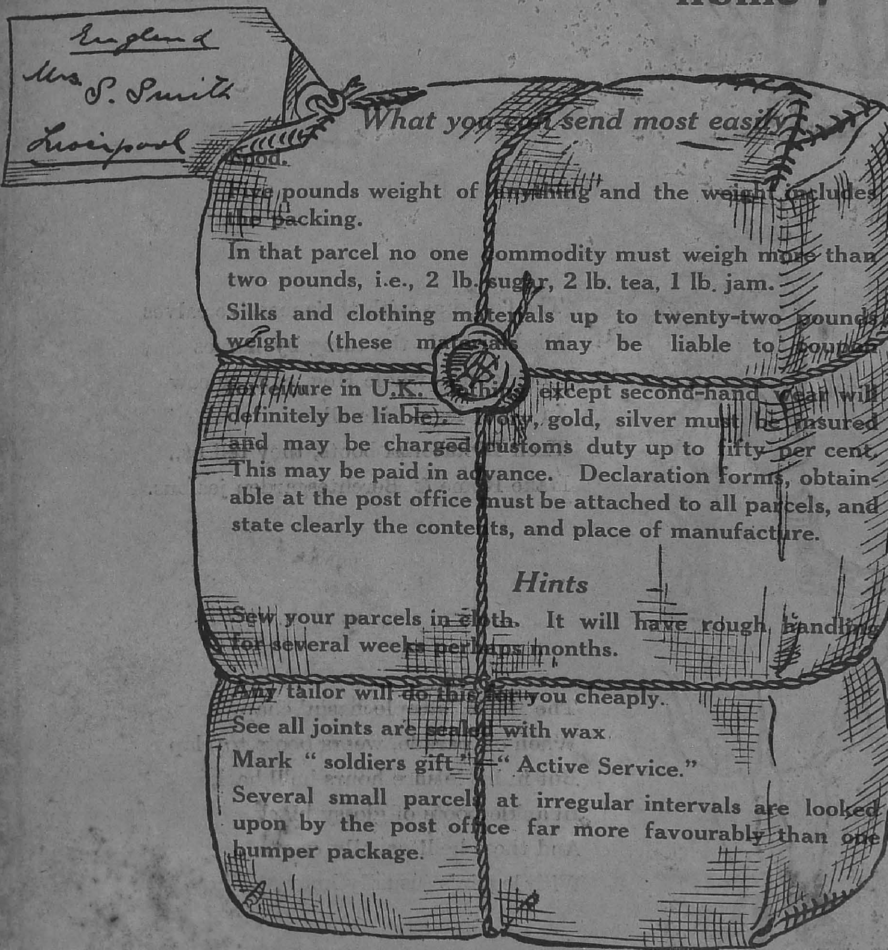
The Racin' steeplechasin' chap
When on parade, wears boots to clap
But in his leisure hours he'll hack
In ankle boots of glossy black
And these he'll usually crown
With leggin's (usually known).

◆◆◆

The infantier wears leggin's too
(They look the same to me and you)
But to the more discerning eye
A subtle difference seems to lie
(Just as there does twixt guests & waiters)
Between their leggin's & our gaiters.

P.J.

Sending anything home?



What you can send most easily

Food.

Five pounds weight of anything and the weight includes the packing.

In that parcel no one commodity must weigh more than two pounds, i.e., 2 lb. sugar, 2 lb. tea, 1 lb. jam.

Silks and clothing materials up to twenty-two pounds weight (these materials may be liable to coupon forfeiture in U.K. Nothing except second-hand wear will definitely be liable). Ivory, gold, silver must be insured and may be charged customs duty up to fifty per cent. This may be paid in advance. Declaration forms, obtainable at the post office must be attached to all parcels, and state clearly the contents, and place of manufacture.

Hints

Sew your parcels in cloth. It will have rough handling for several weeks perhaps months.

Any tailor will do this for you cheaply.

See all joints are sealed with wax.

Mark " soldiers gift "—" Active Service."

Several small parcels at irregular intervals are looked upon by the post office far more favourably than one bumper package.

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